

CITY NEWS.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Saturday morning, July 23.—Wm. Gray, Jr., presented for being drunk and disorderly; continued until Tuesday.

John Roberts and George Bortie, drunk and disorderly; fined each \$3.

John Pansett, drunk and disorderly; discharged.

John Willett, drunk and disorderly; conduct very bad; he shot at the officers, and by chance, got shot in the left hand. Held in \$200 for six months, and fined \$5.

George Sherman, drunk and disorderly; held in \$100 for three months, and fined \$5.

John Haley and John Linden, drunk and disorderly; fined each \$5.

Maria Williams, drunk and very disorderly; held in \$100 for three months, and fined \$5.

John Craig, assaulting Mary Ryan; held to answer a misdemeanor in \$100, and held in \$200 for six months.

Chas. Miller, Richard Cunningham and Ed. Viacore, assaulting S. Livingston with the intention of robbing him; examination in full, and held in \$800 to answer in the Circuit Court.

John Cavanaugh, assaulting John Bryan with a shovel, striking him on the head and fracturing his skull; continued until Tuesday.

Salie Riley, drunkenness, &c.; discharged.

Wm. Crowley, gleefully about \$500 from Pat. Kilar; heard in full and discharged.

Several warrants were continued until Monday.

Also several ordinances were continued until next Saturday.

The case of Joseph Graham was called up; held to answer the charge of murder.

LOUISVILLE WATER POWER.—We understand that a proposition is soon to be brought before the Board of Trade to raise a committee to inquire into the best mode of developing the immense water power of the Falls on the Louisville side. Astonishment has often been expressed by engineers and practical men that this question has never received here that attention which the subject demands—that Louisville should have so long neglected almost entirely the greatest natural advantage which she possesses over any other city in the West.

If there shall be found to be any liberality on the part of the property holders on the route to be improved between Louisville and Portland, there can be no doubt that an enterprise may be set on foot which will not only benefit them vastly, but the city. A great hydraulic company, with water privileges to lease, might be the means of bringing millions of manufacturing capital to Louisville. They should be ready, when the war is over, and money matters in a better condition, for action.

There is not much of local interest transpiring in the city just now. The fall season is upon us, and business is anything else than brisk. This is caused by the low water in the river and the consequent almost total suspension of navigation, and by the farmers being too much engaged in saving and thrashing their grain to visit the city. Our merchants, however, are preparing for a heavy fall business, especially in a wholesale way, and it is expected that the fall trade of the present year will be largely in excess of any previous year.

Will S. Hays has another good song out, which has been sung by W. Arlington, of the Arlington minstrels, with great applause. The spirit of the song can be best shown by one verse:

I got down to New Orleans, ole massa was forgotten;
A sinner man he come along and me rollin' cotton.
At night I axed him to pay, he told me take my lip in;
He took me to de calabash and dar I cotch a whip-pin.

The song is entitled "Nigger will be Nigger," and is published by Tripp & Craig.

A fire broke out in the wash-house on Mr. Wm. E. Hughes' premises yesterday, partially consuming the building. There was some delay in notifying our efficient firemen; but almost immediately upon their arrival the flames were suppressed. Mr. Hughes is indebted to the promptitude of Dr. Shannard, the Medical Director, and his assistants, as well as to the energy, skill, and courage of our engine and hook and ladder companies. The damage is very slight.

HIGH PRICES.—Prices of all kinds of market continue to advance. A chicken scarcely as large as a quail sells at forty to fifty cents, a quart of beans at fifteen cents, green apples of a very poor quality at fifteen cents per quarter peck, butter at sixty cents, and everything else in proportion. The poor have not a very hopeful prospect before them for the coming winter.

The new wheat will soon begin to come in, and farmers will find it greatly to their advantage to sell it at the Merchants' Exchange, over W. H. Stokes & Co.'s, or any satisfactory establishment, on Main street, a few doors below Fifth, south side. They should bring their samples there about two o'clock, which will save them the trouble of running all over town to find who will give the best prices.

ST. ANDREW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHESTNUT STREET, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH.—The Rev. Dr. Fitch will, by special request, repeat the sermon preached in two churches of this city on the Intermediate State in this church (Sunday) morning. Service every Sunday morning at half-past 10 o'clock; Sunday school at a quarter before 9. Seats free.

THE RIVER.—The Ohio river is so low all the way from Pittsburgh to Cairo that none but boats of the lightest draught are able to run, and they get through with the greatest difficulty. There is but little freight arriving, owing to the very stringent military orders. As there is nothing of interest transpiring we omit our usual report this morning.

GERRILLAS IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.—We understand that a party of guerrillas Friday evening went into Brownstown (or Jeffersonville), in this county, and robbed the stores, stole horses and committed other depredations. We have not learned the full particulars.

The tax-payers of the Eastern District will please remember that the City Tax Collector will be at Squire Barth's office, on Jefferson street, between City and Shelby, every Monday afternoon, from one to seven o'clock.

THE COMMITTEES OF THE BOARD OF TRADE on charges, commissions, &c., will meet again on Monday, at 7½ o'clock, p. m., at the Merchants' Exchange. They invite suggestions from merchants.

PICKET SHOT NEAR FRANKFORT.—One of the pickets on the Georgetown road, near Frankfort, Kentucky, was shot Friday night by some unknown person. It is feared his wound is mortal.

GOOD ADVICE.—Let every gentleman and lady leave home every morning, for a few days, without underwear. We think this might bring rain as a last resort.

THE GRAHAM CASE CLOSED.

The Accused Committed to Answer the Charge of Murder.

According to announcement, the examination of Joseph Graham was renewed in the police court yesterday morning. Although the Commonwealth announced the evening previous that they were through, they yesterday called up two witnesses, one of whom was not examined. The following is the concluding of the case:

O. P. Reynolds called—I was at the City Hotel last Wednesday morning at the time of the difficulty; the only remark I heard was Thomas say, "Joe, go away, I want nothing to do with you; but let's take a drink, and all will be right;" Thomas then went to the counter and took his glass in his hand to drink; at this time the accused, who was some six feet from the deceased, drew his pistol and fired.

The testimony for the Commonwealth was here closed. The counsel for the defense, after consultation, announced that they had several witnesses summoned who were in the courtroom, but they would not introduce them at the present time. The case was then submitted to the court without argument. During the time that Judge Johnston was reviewing the testimony the utmost quiet prevailed, and all eyes were eagerly turned towards the Judge. The prisoner looked downcast, and appeared to realize the awful position he was placed in. The accused was committed to jail to answer the charge of murder.

THE HENDERSON RAID.—The Evansville Times, speaking of the raid into Henderson, says that we have one hundred and fifty soldiers in Henderson; one of the gunboats brought fifty more; and on board the other two gunboats, lying before the city, there are about two hundred men. Besides which we learn that a cavalry force was at Calhoun, destined for Henderson. The Confederate force is estimated at between six hundred and seven hundred men.

We are also informed that ex-Senator Dixon and Mayor Banks were in Evansville yesterday, and had succeeded in getting an order from General Burbridge to suspend the execution of the two men above referred to, until further orders.

In the meantime, the wildest excitement exists in Henderson, and as the Militia passed up the river banks were lined with women, children and negroes. How horrible and distressing is war!

We learn from the Evansville Times that Mr. Rankin, of Henderson, Kentucky, who was dangerously wounded some time ago by guerrillas, is rapidly recovering. On his behalf a sum of \$18,000 was levied on the people of Henderson, but Mr. Rankin has written a letter protesting against it, and says he will not take one cent of the money, and that he takes upon him this tax levied on his friends and neighbors who had no part or lot in the rashly attack upon him.

We are also informed that the men who shot Rankin are deserters and disoriented soldiers from the Confederate army, who were stealing, &c., on their own hook. Colonel Schertel, the rebel commander in that part of Kentucky, himself killed the man who shot Rankin, we are informed, and his men killed four more of them, and are determined to exterminate the whole band. We hope it will be done.

JEFFERSONVILLE ITEMS.—The little city of Jeffersonville is very quiet, with but little doing which attracts attention, except the large arrival of refugees from the South. At a meeting of the City Council, Friday night, the following business was transacted:

A resolution was passed, granting the new ferry company the right of landing at the foot of Pearl street for the coming winter.

Mayor Woolley was instructed to visit Gov. Morton immediately, to see if some steps could not be taken to rid the city of the burden of supporting the large number of refugees and paroled rebel deserters and prisoners which are being sent in their midst daily by military authority.

The wages of the police have been increased to \$2 per day.

The Governor General of Canada a few days since, in reply to an address presented to him at Sherbrook, Canada East, said: "My opinion on the paramount necessity of a due provision by Canada, for the defense of the Province, are so well known that I need not repeat them, but a proper regard for our own dignity and independence is not inconsistent with the maintenance of the most cordial and friendly relations with other countries, and when I record my own earnest desire for the termination of the present civil war, and for the renewal of property of our neighbors, I trust that I express the sentiments of the whole Canadian people."

The Twenty-fourth Illinois regiment, two hundred and eighteen strong, left the city last night for their homes—the term of their enlistment having expired. Their Colonel fell in the heaviest of the fight at Chattanooga. Their Lieut. Colonel has since received severe wounds. The boys are just from the front, and a noble set of soldiers they are. A portion of their regiment re-enlisted, and are now on patrol duty as a detachment.

From GEN. ROUSSEAU.—Seventeen prisoners, who were captured by Gen. Rousseau between the Tennessee river, have arrived. They state that Rousseau, at the Coosa river, found two rebel steamboats aground at Tar Island. They were got off, and used to transport the troops across the river, after which they were burned. The news from this expedition, which is a very important one, will be looked for with interest.

Major Chenoweth and Col. Morgan, of Morgan's staff, who were taken prisoners under a flag of truce by Gen. Burbridge in Kentucky some months since, have been released from their imprisonment at camp Morton, by order of the War Department, and were dispatched on Thursday, by General Carrington, beyond our lines.

SHIPMENTS FORBIDDEN.—Collector Carson, of Cincinnati, on Thursday received instructions from Washington not to issue any more permits for the shipment of goods to insurrectionary States or districts until further orders. This includes Nashville, Memphis and Western Kentucky.

GERRILLAS IN SHELBY COUNTY.—We learn that a party of guerrillas went into Consolation, in Shelby county, Friday night. They carried away about thirteen United States guns that had been hid in a mill and belonged to the Home Guard. We understand the guerrillas numbered about thirty.

W. H. Ehrlich arrived from St. Louis last evening, where he has been on business. He has our thanks for St. Louis papers of yesterday and Chicago papers of Friday afternoon. Mr. Ehrlich will, we learn, leave for the front to-morrow.

It is said that parings of cucumbers will cause roaches to disappear, if laid in places which they frequent. The remedy is simple enough, and merits a trial by those troubled with these pests.

The military authorities have placed guards around their warehouses on Front street, Jeffersonville, with instructions to halt all persons passing that locality after ten o'clock at night.

LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT JOE OFFICE.—We are now prepared to do all kinds of job printing, plain and in colors, at prices to suit the times and at the shortest notice.

NOTICE.—Regular services in the Walnut-street Baptist church have been suspended until further notice, on account of repairs to the building.

Interesting Narrative of a Federal Officer Escaped from Macon, Ga.

Lieut. W. N. Berry, of the Fifth Illinois cavalry, who escaped from the Macon (Ga.) military prison, June 27th, arrived within our lines at Carrollton, the county seat of Carroll county, Ga., north of the Chattahoochee, on the 15th inst., after making a dangerous and wearisome journey of fourteen nights in succession, for over one hundred miles. He furnishes the Nashville Times with the following interesting narrative: "When near Carrollton, we were attacked by guerrillas so severely that he had to stop for four days with a plaster named Irvine, on whom he passed himself for a Virginia soldier. He left a good silver watch in return for the southern hospitality which he there received."

Lieutenant Berry was taken prisoner at Ellsville, Miss., on the 27th of June, 1863. He was a member of Captain Mann's expedition of forty men, sent by General Grant from Vicksburg to cut the Mississippi Central and Mobile and Ohio railroad. The party succeeded, but during the night the road was captured within twenty miles of the latter, and were carried to Jackson, Miss. There they were carried to Richmond and placed in Libby Prison, where they remained until the 1st of May, 1864. Thence they were taken to Danville, Va., and thence to Macon. On the last trip he escaped, but was retaken and confined in prison at Macon, on the 20th of May, where he remained till his escape. Macon he describes as a dull, uninteresting place. There are 1,540 commissioned officers confined in an open yard, two and a half acres in extent, on the south side of the town, west of the Omalgoe river. There are no privates there, that class of prisoners being confined at Americus, a village on the Southwestern railroad, six miles south of Macon. The privates are confined in an inclosure like that at Macon, twelve acres in extent, with a paraded swamp running through it, where they are compelled to get their water. The rebel claim 25,000 of these prisoners, but Lieutenant Berry thinks they will not exceed 15,000.

"The officers at Macon are treated with great humanity. Their rations are measured out every four days, the allowance for that period being one-half gallon of meal, three-quarters of a pound of bacon, one and one-half gill of buck-eye peas, and one tablespoonful of salt, all of the vilest quality. The bacon is so full of skippers that the prisoners used to suggest to their keepers that it would save trouble to let them eat the skippers. Gibbs, the officer in command of the prison, is a coarse, brutal creature, utterly devoid of humanity, who delights in insulting and cursing the prisoners."

"A few days before Lieut. Berry escaped, a Lieut. of the Forty-fifth New York Infantry, a highly estimable officer, was shot down by the guard, while he was standing quietly covering with another officer. The officer died in four hours. The reason given by Capt. Gibbs for the shooting was that one rebel officer had been shot without cause at Fort Delaware. The only other prisoner here has a long shod, with open sides, and under this they sleep, on the bare ground."

"For some time past there have been some eight hundred hands employed in building Government shops to manufacture small arms. The works are progressing slowly, and are probably suspended. For six weeks past large quantities of machinery and military stores have been passing through Macon from Atlanta on to Savannah. The appearance here hitherto that these stores were being transported to Augusta, but Lieut. Berry's testimony shows clearly that Savannah is the rebel destination."

"During Lieut. Berry's flight he passed through the counties of Bibb, Crawford, Upson, Meriwether, Cowetta and Carroll. He saw some corn but no cotton fields; the country contained many houses, but no male inhabitants able to bear arms; they have all gone to the army. Conscription has swept the country, and thousands of negroes have been driven to Atlanta to work on the fortifications."

Rebel Items.

Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Johnson, of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, died on the 15th inst. at Griffin, Georgia.

The Memphis Atlanta Appeal of the 16th inst., calls on the Georgians to "make the Georgia people understand a Georgia soldier, for Sherman's Myrmidons." The Myrmidons "didn't see it."

General Wheeler has gone to Charleston.

From the Atlanta Appeal, July 15th.

GEN. JOHNSON'S FAREWELL.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, July 17, 1864.

General Order No. 4.

In obedience to orders of the War Department, I turn to General Johnson the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee.

Can not leave this noble army without expressing my admiration of the high military qualities it has displayed. A long and arduous campaign has been completed, every soldier by virtue, endurance of toil, obedience to orders, brilliant courage. The enemy has never attempted it, but to be repulsed and severely punished. You soldiers, have been true to your country, your courage, and never consented your loss. No longer your leader, I will watch you. You soldiers, have been true to your country, your courage, and never consented your loss. No longer your leader, I will watch you. You soldiers, have been true to your country, your courage, and never consented your loss. No longer your leader, I will watch you.

To one and all, I offer assurances of my friendship, and bid an affectionate farewell.

(Signed) D. H. POOLE, A. G. OFFICIAL: D. H. POOLE, A. G.

(From the Memphis Appeal of July 18.)

GENERAL JOHNSON SUPERSEDED. GEN. HOOD PLACED IN COMMAND.

From the brief order of General J. E. Johnston, dated July 17th, it will be seen that he has been relieved from the command of the Army of Tennessee, and that General Hood is appointed to succeed him. As the motive or reason which has influenced the President to supersede him is not known, it is difficult to conjecture upon the army and country, we are of course ignorant, and it would, at this juncture, be both imprudent and unprofitable to inquire.

A cotton warehouse with 6,000 bales of cotton, in Thomesville, Ga., was struck by lightning on Thursday, and the fire which followed consumed the entire stock. The cotton belonged chiefly to private parties.

The London Court Journal says:

A current rumor is going the rounds which says that a party of guerrillas went into Consolation, in Shelby county, Friday night. They carried away about thirteen United States guns that had been hid in a mill and belonged to the Home Guard. We understand the guerrillas numbered about thirty.

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THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Selected and prepared for the Sunday Democrat.

BY "STAR."

The rose that he gave her at parting is strewn on the floor at her feet. But yonder her tears were starting, And I thought her sorrow complete.

The love that with joy he had cherished From his heart's secret altar had died, And like the sweet rose that had perished, His hopes were all withered and dried.

An old maid is a thing that she could; But she can't, does all she can, To put the flame upon a man.

The bud of true friendship will eventually bloom to the beautiful flower of love. Death plucks it from the stem.

The rebels would make good shoemakers after the war's over; they put their awl in their souls and stick to the last.

"Beauty and the Beast"—Lincoln and Butler.

—And exchange says: "A lot of guerrillas entered our town yesterday and carried off a large lot of dry goods. They had no arms with them." How did they carry them off?

—The guerrillas in this State are blasting the hopes of the young ladies, for they are counting taking the mails whenever they can lay hands upon them. If any escape, the young ladies will get poor men for husbands.

—Josh Billings thus speaks of fame: "Fame is just about as much use to a dog as a 5-30's watch, or interest payable in gold."

—Biddy set a roasted pig upon the table, when a young lady present, beholding its bare legs, fainted.

"Biddy, you ought to have dressed it before you."

"Faith, I give it the bully stinola, mum."

—A new way to get out of the draft—go in the house and stay there till it's over.

—It is said Mr. Lincoln sent two men to Richmond, who have safely returned to Washington. He has sent more than two who may never return.

—Our country has been in pieces long enough. Can't we have a peace before long?

—A dispatch says: "The rebels have sent large lots of plunder to Staunton." What does Staunton want with plunder?

—It is said that large quantities of the rebels have the Old Scratch in their heads.

—Gen. Butler makes a good soldier; while he's killing him at one, he's looking for another. His father trained him to chop hoop-poles.

—It is said Jeff Davis has but one eye. He can see more with his one than Mr. Lincoln can with both. Jeff sees two eyes; Mr. Lincoln does not see but one.

—It is a wonder negro soldiers don't die with cold—there's so much of them on the ground.

—A no account chap stepped into an exemption office where his father-in-law was ex-emptioner.

"I wish to be exempted, sir."

"You!" thundered he. "Upon what plea, sir?"

"Lunacy. I'm a 4-4 fool, or you would have never been my daddy-in-law."

He was sent into the draft, in advance of one foot of boot leather. The old gentleman has a grass widow on hand.

—When a young man escorts a young lady to the theater, does he always bring her to it?

—General Grant sends an occasional shell into Petersburg, and they return the compliment by shelling out.

—If it rains show which way the wind blows, why won't Hays do it?

—The young lady who was caught taking music lessons has fed bad about it ever since.

—Dry goods rise and fall daily—above two feet—on a street-croaking.

—A white young lady in Mackerelburg was recently wedded to a big negro. "A rose smells just as sweet with any name."

The tailor is a man of note. Few are the men, I trust, that find his due bills of note.

—We notice there is a heavy tax on coffins. They let dead heads go free.

—It is generally a question in armies which takes the lead first—whether they see the blood run they run too.

—If a young man wishes to go into business and prosper, let him marry a girl with a big mouth. It's a fine opening for provisions, and will enlarge from 3 year to 3 year.

—If the Government wants more infantry, let the recruiting officers walk up Market street shouting: "Local! The rebels won't take 'em if they don't take more than five or six out of each family."

—The young man who wanted to wed a lady with \$500 and the consumption, had his wishes gratified—he is the possessor of the consumption—a fat, fine, healthy wife and—wary red.

—A rebel soldier told a Federal officer the other day that "the North stole the South before the rebels got a chance to fight it."

—"Battle cry of Freedom!" Negro declaration!

—Large broad-brimmed straw hats are becoming quite fashionable with the young ladies in this city. There's a son peeping into their pretty faces—despite the broad brims—wherever they go.

—How to make a negro loyal—give him stripes until he sees stars.

—What has become of the Goddess of Liberty and the American eagle? The former is weeping over the grave of Washington, and the latter is screaming over the resting place of "Old Hickory."

—There will be a large number of (b) armless men when this war is over.

—Petersburg is like a young man in the midst of a group of pretty young ladies—defended by heavy arms.

—Lawyers never will get to Heaven. They'll be in bed and out of it.

Mr. Lincoln and his crew would make a good brass band—they've been blowing their horns long enough.

—Young ladies would make good mail agents—they take such interest in the mails.

—No wonder the rebels got on a bait occasionally—they very often take a little old port.

—When is the moon like the point in Abe's last legs? When we can't see it.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

"You don't believe in ghosts, John, do you?" asked Cornelius B., a young student at Kentucky College, one fine summer's day, as he and I were loitering in the graveyard of St. Canice's cathedral, so celebrated all over Ireland for its beauty and great antiquity.

"No, Cornelius," I replied, "I believe in you, I am sure. You have more sense than to believe in stories that have no existence out of crazy brains and disordered imaginations."

"Hold easy, my boy," he said. "Let me tell you that I once thought as you do, but I had a little light let into my knowledge, which completely upset my infidelity on that degenerate, and converted me to the belief in the existence of disembodied spirits."

"Then you really believe in ghosts, Cornelius?" I said, taking hold of him by the button, and looking into his face with great earnestness.

"And so may anybody that's not steered against conviction," he replied, seating himself on a tombstone, and assuming a thoughtful air.

"I've heard of you, Cornelius," I answered, following his example; "but tell me, friend B., by what strange logic were you converted to this belief?"

"Come with me this evening, John," he said, "to my aunt's cottage on the Conifer road, about one mile beyond the barracks; I'm invited there to tea at six o'clock. She'll make my friend welcome, and you shall hear the story from the lips of a person who was never known to utter a falsehood."

Now, dear reader, though I never believed in the existence of ghosts or fairies, or any such nonsense, I was strangely fascinated by the strange tales of these mysterious beings which figure so largely in Irish lore. I therefore joyfully accepted my friend's invitation, and accordingly seven o'clock found us both in the hall of a large and comfortable house, two miles from the city, on the Conifer road.

It was a plain mansion, of the cottage order, handsomely situated on the road, and enclosed by a low stone wall, and surrounded by a thick grove of young trees. There was nothing very remarkable about the house in point of beauty, yet good order, taste, and even elegance reigned within. Mrs. Patcher, my friend's aunt, was a widow lady of about forty, of more than passable beauty for a woman of her age, very lady-like, of good family, and possessed of a mind highly cultivated. The family consisted of a son, a youth of fourteen, then at school in the city, a married daughter living in Dublin, and a young lady of sweet sixteen, lovely and attractive, living at home with her mother.

I was received with the greatest politeness, as the friend of her nephew, and after tea and a short interval at music, Cornelia requested my aunt to relate the story of the ghost which forms the heading of this short chapter.

"About twenty years ago," began the lady, "this young man, you see (pointing to the picture of an officer in full military costume, hanging in a large gilt frame over the mantelpiece), was a lieutenant in the British army, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years older than I, and as fine a young fellow as ever wore the British uniform. He regularly corresponded with me for three years after he arrived in India. Every year I received two packages of letters, filled with endearments and protestations of brotherly love. He was a fine, brave, and kind-hearted man, and I was proud to call him my brother. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was in India as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was my only brother, two years

